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Judge

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GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK.

JUDGE TO GROVER—" Here's to the health of you and your family. May you live long and prosper."

Judge

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OUR WAR-VESSELS were possibly constructed so as to fight solely below the surface.

* * *

THE SILENCE of Senator Gorman is so pronounced that you can hear a pin drop if you so desire.

* * *

THE CLUBS teach women, according to a woman, to appreciate their homes. That is good. And will they sometimes visit them?

* * *

TWO MEN in Oklahoma killed each other for love of a half-breed girl. Perhaps they feel better now.

* * *

THERE ARE PERSONS who think Dr. Abbott is the Jonah of Beecher's old church and insist that he shall be cast out.

* * *

THE TALK for arbitration is so heated that one is reminded of Grant's remark, "I will have peace if I have to fight for it."

* * *

THE EGOTISM of Jonah was amazing. Who else would have claimed that the Almighty got up a great storm especially for his undoing?

* * *

THE ABLEST ARCHITECTS are necessary to the "new" Albany capitol—not to complete it, of course, but to keep it from falling down.

* * *

THE ARTICLE by Senator Hill on the Democratic organization would be able and interesting but for the fact that there is no Democratic organization.

* * *

"SEVEN YEARS AGO it used to be the custom," begins an article in a great newspaper. There are several superfluous words here. What has become of the little word "was"?

* * *

THE ENGLISH JUDGE who gave Ivory his freedom advised him to keep out of bad company. The advice was promptly taken, for immediately Ivory cut his honor and his jailers and sailed for home.

* * *

A DOG is a good dog, according to a recent decision, until he bites somebody. If the latter has hydrophobia the proof against the dog is ample, and proceedings against him may safely be commenced, and possibly ended before the man dies.

* * *

SOROSIS lacks only one thing at present, according to a member of that organization—"a woman architect to plan for it a new home." One is amazed at two things—that there is no male architect fit for the business, and that all these years have failed to produce the necessary woman.

* * *

THE DAUGHTER of Leopold of Belgium who recently eloped is quite innocent. She probably thinks it is necessary to keep up the family reputation; and she may even claim, with another princess who has eloped, that the act shows her to be, not a virtuous hypocrite, but the very soul of frankness and sincerity.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

MRS. HAYFIELD—"John sez he's larnin' fencin' at college now."
MR. HAYFIELD—"I'm blamed glad he's larnin' su'thin' useful. I'll git him tew put a fence roun' th' hull durn farm w'en he cums hum."

A REBUKE FOR MURDER.

THE GERMAN OFFICER who killed an ordinary citizen for rubbing against him has been dropped from the army and will be imprisoned in a fort for three years. This sentence will be a lesson to the plebeian tax-payers of Germany. Hereafter they will know enough to pass a German officer only after the removal of a few partitions.

THE PENALTY OF EASE.

BISMARCK says he is tired, but not ill. He has that unpleasant feeling because he has no object in life. It is the old story of the active man who gets money enough and commences to live in idleness, and suddenly and very naturally dies of it. He rusts out quicker than he would wear out. But he should learn a lesson from the kaiser. Why shouldn't it be an object of his life to be as hateful to his majesty as his majesty is to him?

THE OLD SYSTEM WAS BEST.

THE OUTCRY in this state against civil-service reform comes from some of its best newspapers. They ask for common sense in the filling of offices and the changing of officials, and incidentally declare that, other things being even, the victors have a right to the honors—or let us say the spoils—and they know that the examinations that office-seekers are made to undergo are the absurdest of all nonsense. And it is not wrong for men who help others to office to have the same ambition in behalf of themselves.

FAIR PLAY FOR INNOCENCE.

IT IS ONLY FAIR that innocent men who have been acquitted of charges of grave crime should be paid for their loss of liberty and its business consequences, and for the reputation that has been more or less sacrificed by their confinement in jail. The law has no business to make such mistakes, and it ought to be held responsible for them. Scotland Yard, with its spies and informers, may be a necessary adjunct of English government; but the government is rich enough to pay for its legal blunders in all such cases.

THE HIGH PRIEST CALLED LAW.

THE POWER of the law is such that it frequently becomes malicious as well as absurd. Think of a policeman serving a process on a leading actor just before the production of a play that has cost thousands of dollars, and thereby stopping the production at the cost of totally innocent persons who have spent the money. It is also an outrage on that part of the public which witnesses it; and it is the more unendurable because it is impossible for the manager, the actors or the patrons of the stage to get the slightest redress.

HEALTH IN LETTERS.

LITERATURE that is known as the Jesse James kind always has a large sale no matter how hard the times. And this is really a healthy sign, because rational people prefer reading of the quick death by knife or revolver to the long agony of the betrayed and consumptive heroines given us by the Hardys and the Hall Caines, and to a slightly less extent by the Barries and the Maclarens. If it is the main purpose of literature to pump tears and provide funerals the sooner those melancholy things are ended the better. But they ought to come to an end in the first chapter.

MEN WHO ARE BRUTES.

MEN TALK deliberately of the advantages and the desirability of war. It is true that war is organized assassination, as bad as that straight savagery which has killed, within Turkish dominions, a hundred thousand men, women and children. Is the argument of these men the result of a brutal instinct, or is it an affectation that seeks for notoriety? No one ever heard of them as fighting men; they assume rather to be peaceful philosophers. Christ respected and preached for peace, and General Sherman said truly, "War is hell." The Malthusian idea claims nothing for war as a blessing, but says it may be a necessity. Is it possible that men who praise war are sane? Shall we ever hear that these men have themselves gone to war, or done other than send their brethren there?

DREW THE COLOR-LINE.

SKELLY—"Phwat hov yez quit work for, McGinty?"
MCGINTY—"Oi've bin towld thot th' tonnel is to run benath th' negro graveyard!"
SKELLY—"Yez are not sooperstachus, McGinty?"
MCGINTY—"Oi'm not. But Oi'll not work under a negro, be he did or aloive."

SHROVE-TIDE.

HO, FOR revelry's halls to-night!
(Time comes soon for contrition's tears.)
A cap and bells and a fool's delight,
And a mask for the front of the frowning years.

Quaff the wine with its ruby cheer!
(Time comes soon for the cruel fast.)
Seek the smile of the bayadere
Ere the plenilune of pleasure 's past.

Oh, laugh aloud and be glad of life!
(Time comes soon for the black eclipse.)
Sing while the hours are rapture-rife
And the cup of love allures the lips.

Hark! The voice of a wayfarer!
("Time comes soon for the end," he saith.)
"Heed and remember, reveler,
Last of all is the hush of death!"

SUSIE M. BEST.

EVENING CONVERSATION.

Mrs. Hohmboddie—"I was so sorry for dear Miss Stylum yesterday. Her father's death was so sudden, and the very last time I met her, at an afternoon tea, not a week ago, she had on the loveliest old-rose waist—just new and *so* becoming!—and the poor thing can't wear it for over a year, and it will be all out of style by that time."

Mr. Hohmboddie—"Poor girl! How sad."

Mrs. Hohmboddie—"But the funeral was beautifully arranged! You'd almost like to die if you thought everything would go off so splendidly."

Mr. Hohmboddie—"No, dear; I don't think it would be a temptation to me."

Mrs. Hohmboddie—"That's because you haven't any artistic feeling."

Mr. Hohmboddie—"I rather think it is because I wouldn't know what was going on."

Mrs. Hohmboddie—"Well, even if you didn't the very thought that the affair was being properly conducted ought to be a comfort to you. But that is always what I say about you. You are never as grateful as you ought to be for the blessings of life."

Mr. Hohmboddie—"Ah, but this would be the blessing of death, wouldn't it, dear?"

Mrs. Hohmboddie—"Don't be irreverent, John. It is just the same thing, and you know it. And I'm going up stairs."

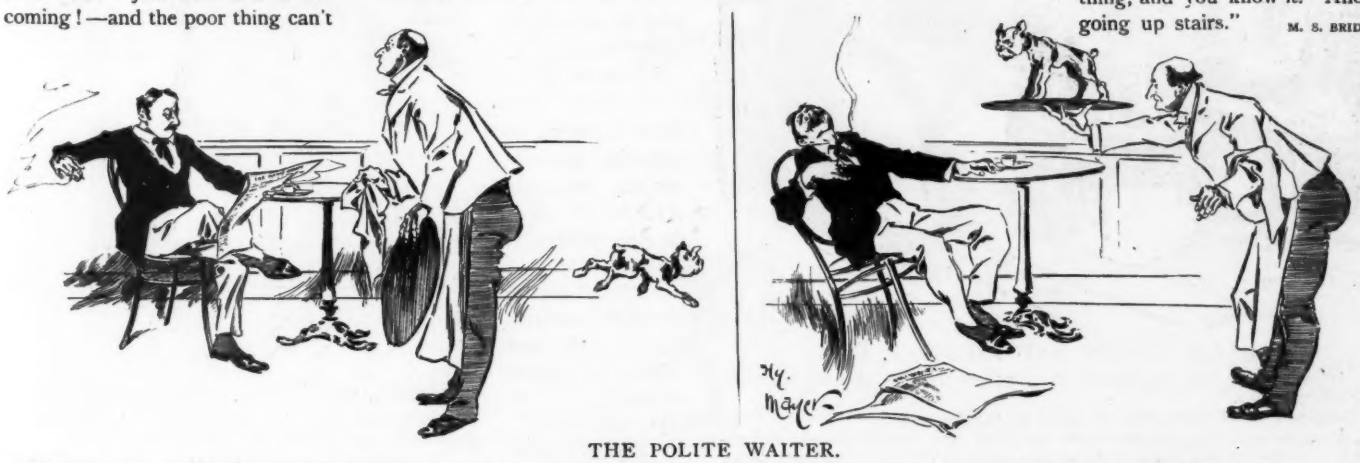
M. S. BRIDGES.

UNFORTUNATELY LOVED HER HUSBAND.

PRINCESS DE FASHION (*sobbing*)—"It's all the rage now for ladies of title to fall in love and elope, and I'm not in it at all"

PRINCE DE FASHION (*surprised*)—"Why, my dear, do you want to leave me for another?"

PRINCESS DE FASHION—"No, that's the trouble. If I were only married to some one else, then I might elope with you."



THE POLITE WAITER.

"Waiter, there's that dog of mine running away. Bring him over here, please"

"'Ere you are, sir!"

Photo. by Falk.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

AMELIA BINGHAM.

In "Captain Impudence" you're cast,
In all your blonde perfection,
To shine the better by contrast
With Mexican complexion.
You make us think that dusky Carmen,
Though twice as warm, is not so charmin'.

IT DOES SATISFY HIM.

THIS is a queer old world of ours,
For always it has been,
The time a man feels most put out
Is when he's taken in.

A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.

Father—"Bah! so you think you love him?"

Daughter—"Yes, papa."

Father—"Hum—does he drink?"

Daughter—"No, papa."

Father—"Bosh! does he smoke?"

Daughter—"No, papa."

Father—"Probably he chews, then?"

Daughter—"Oh, no, papa."

Father—"Does he keep late hours?"

Daughter—"No, papa."

Father—"Does he play poker?"

Daughter—"No, papa."

Father—"Belong to any clubs?"

Daughter—"No, papa."

Father—"Own a fast horse?"

Daughter—"No, papa."

Father—"Does he swear much?"

Daughter—"Never, papa."

Father—"Part his hair in the middle?"

Daughter—"No, papa."

Father—"Then, great Scott! what has he ever done to act like that? He must be a regular villain."

AN INSOMNIA RECIPE.

SCRAPPY SWIPES—"Say, Mike, were yer ever knocked out in de ring?"

MIXER MIKE—"Nit! I knocked mesilf out onct in me sleep, dough."

SCRAPPY SWIPES (*incredulously*)—"W'ot?"

MIXER MIKE—"Dat's on de level, Swipes; a misskeeter bit me on de point uv de jaw, an' I swung fer 'im an' landed on me mesilf instid."

COUP D'ÉTAT.

SHE was a tender-hearted thing. She was a vegetarian, an anti-vivisectionist, and belonged to the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and yet she would discuss and probe and ponder. She felt it incumbent upon her to settle all questions hanging unsolved between heaven and earth, and though the final responsibility belonged to her it was not natural that she should let others rest in slothfulness while the brunt of living fell upon her.

POSSIBILITIES.

If physiognomists are so very correct we may soon see bipeds of the poor Mr. Limpering order——

——cultivate their foreheads by an indoor course at Yale——

——or the chin by out-door work at the same institution;——

——or, if brought up in the ring of Tammany hall, properly sat upon, be still able to present the above broad-minded, smiling visage;——

——or, if trained in a municipal course of New York politics, be able to affect the narrow view.

AND HE DID.

Bad Hennessy—"Say! did yer hear of Bill's killin' hisself?"

Tough Mack—"No; how?"

Bad Hennessy—"Jumped down a culvert."

Tough Mack—"I allus said dat feller 'd commit sewercide."

They were at the dinner-table and soup was served. She was about to carry the first spoonful to her lips when an unsettled look came into her eyes and the weight of a heavy responsibility fell upon her face.

"Dear," she faltered, casting an appealing glance at her only companion at the board, "dear, do you believe in burial?"

"Yes," replied her victim, squirming a little and seeking a loophole of escape. "Yes, I do—after death."

And the question was down.

GRAND, GLOOMY AND PECULIAR.

MRS. JOHNSON—"See yar, nigger; doan' yo' go tryin' to play no Napoleon Bonyparte tricks on me."

MR. JOHNSON—"W-w'y—w'ot yo' mean by dat, Melindy?"

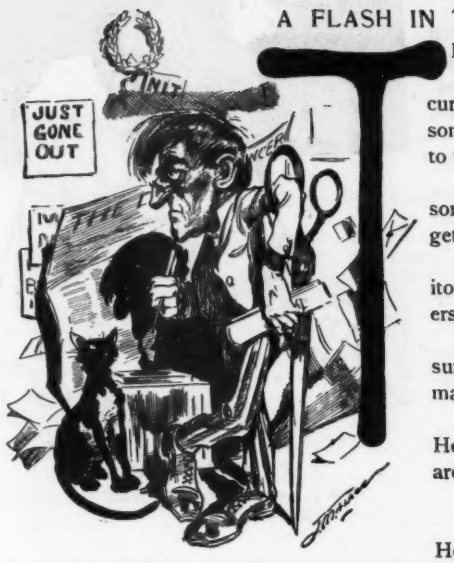
MRS. JOHNSON—"W'y, de books say dat feller wuz grand, gloomy an' peculiar. An' I notice yo' bin actin' de same way lately eb'ry time I ax yo' to bring up a hod ob coal."

BEFORE, OR AFTER, THE WEDDING.

BERTWHISTLE—"I am going to be married next week, and I shall want you to play for me."

PROFESSOR CLAWER (*briefly*)—"The wedding-march, or the couchee-couchee?"

A FLASH IN THE PAN.



THE editor of *The Daily Skirt Dancer* had an idea. The thought had suddenly occurred to him that it might be advisable to have some news in the paper. So he piped all hands to the captain's cabin.

"My lads," said he, "hereafter we'll print some news every day. Tell the reporters to get some."

"You forget, sir," said the managing editor apologetically, "that we have no reporters."

"No reporters?" ejaculated the editor in surprise; "no reporters? Why, who is that man at the end of the hall?"

"That? Why, that's the staff apothecary. He tells our readers what to take when they are sick."

"And who's the man next door to him?"

"Him? Oh, he's the autograph editor. He writes communications from exalted personages on subjects they know nothing at all about."

"And next to him?"

"The dirge editor. He has charge of our comic page."

"And next?"

"The staff novelist. We use him sometimes to fill up when the rest of the specialists fall down."

"Next?"

"The how-it-feels editor. That's a woman journalist. She fell off a chair into a tub of water, yesterday, and next week she'll have an article on 'How it feels to be drowned.'"

"That big fat man across the hall from her looks like a reporter."

"But he's not. He never got a line of news in his life. He's the sporting editor. He holds the Hoboken bicycle championship medal."

"Who's that man next door to him?"

"The fellow with the evil eye?"

"Yes."

"He's the freak editor. He answered a hypothetical question at the trial of a woman charged with murder, and I employed him on the spot."

"Who's that ghoul-like little fellow in the same room with him?"

"He's the keeper of the morgue and custodian of the chamber of horrors. He spent ten years in Bloomingdale."

"You do seem to be a little shy of reporters, don't you? But, surely, that young man in the little room just outside the door must be a reporter. He doesn't seem to be doing anything."

"He's no reporter. He's the boy I hired to tell people the editor had just stepped out."

For a moment the editor was lost in thought. Looking up wearily he said, "Well, there seems to be no help for it. We won't print any news to-day. To-morrow we'll talk it over again and see what can be done."

But next day the editor was so busy with circulation schemes he forgot all about it.

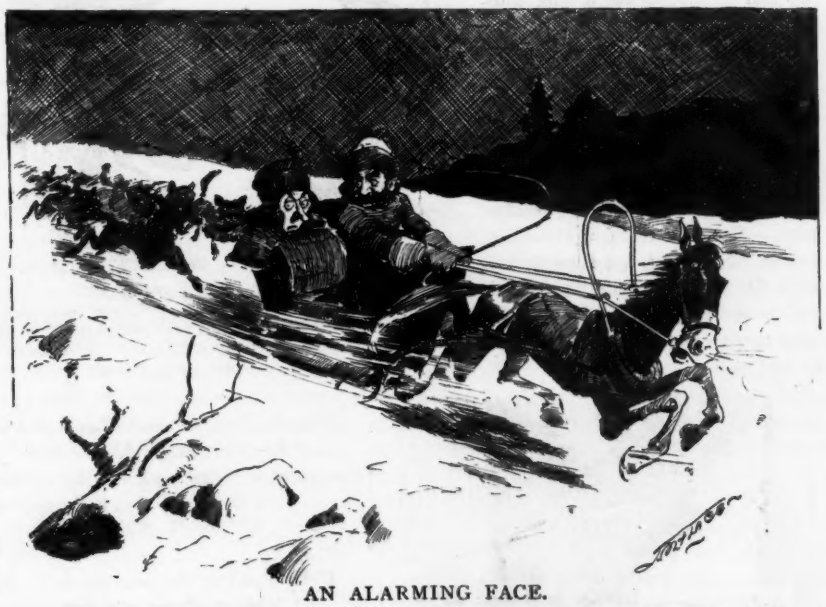
News is still a stranger to the columns of *The Daily Skirt Dancer*.

NAIN GRUTE.

A BUSINESS ANCHOR TO THE WINDWARD.

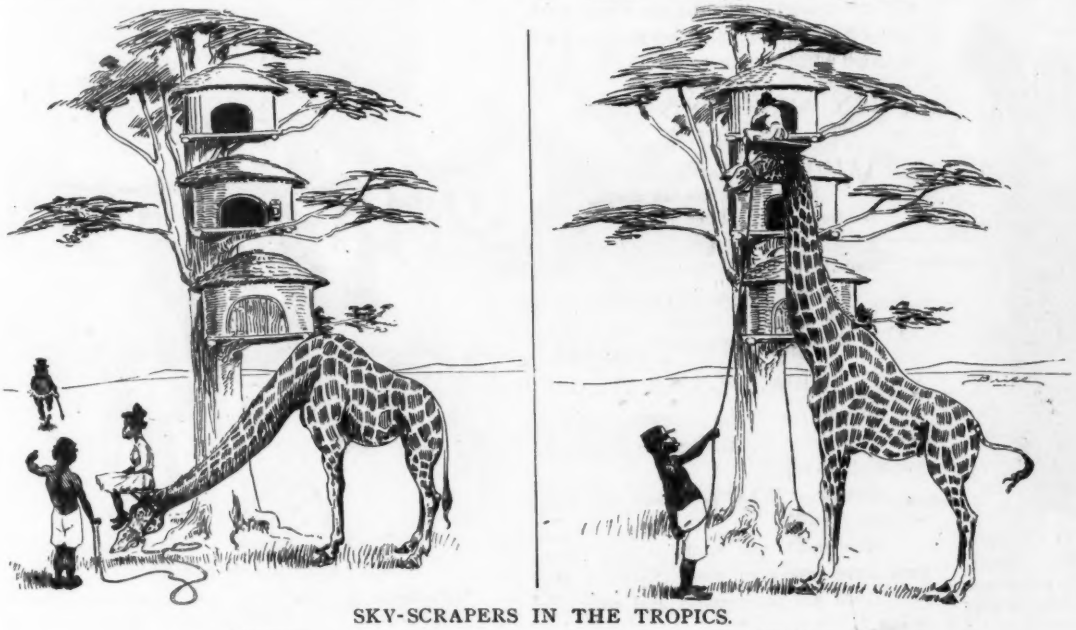
MINER—"Say, Bill, what's this I hear 'bout your givin' away yer claim ter a stranger—air ye crazy?"

BILL HUNKS—"Not much! He wuz talkin' ov kimmitin' suicide when I give it to him, an' he will sartin arter he's worked that claim a few days; then, yer see, pard, I'll bring in a bill fer funeral expenses of a legitimate citizen an' git paid frum the town. Savvy?"



AN ALARMING FACE.

RUSSIAN LOVER (*with a new hope*)—"Look around at the wolves again, birdie. I believe we may yet scare them off."



SKY-SCRAPERS IN THE TROPICS.

Going up. "Third floor—all out."

THE DESIDERATUM.

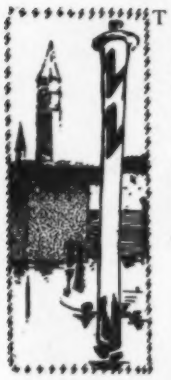
WE'VE engines that no smoke emit,
Also smokeless gunpowder;
But when we've smokeless cigarettes
We'll crow a little louder.

OUT ON BAIL.

Urban—"What's your hurry?"

Sub Urban—"Must catch the four train. Folks to dinner. Haven't had time to bail out the dining-room since yesterday's storm."

A MORNING CALL.



IT WAS exactly twelve o'clock when he sent up his card with a box of roses and walked into the little drawing-room to wait for her. The man said she would be down in a few moments, and he tried to think of what he said the night before. He remembered having asked her if he might drop in about this time, but everything else seemed blurred in his memory.

The daisies nodded to him from the window, and her banjo lay across the cushioned couch with a sheet of music beside it. A bowl of violets filled the air with fragrance and made him think of her. He felt as men sometimes do—unworthy and miles apart from her. Never again would he take Scotch whisky and soda. He wondered if she had noticed.

The fact was, he had rushed home from the club and dressed for the dance after an afternoon which need not be recorded here. The trouble was that he had not stopped to dine, and going up town in the cab he became conscious that he was getting drunk. That was the disgraceful truth—not drunk as to legs or to voice, but intellectually. His mind was not clear; but he knew that she was to be there and that he had promised to go. He resolved to pull himself together and, after seeing his hostess, to slip out quietly and go home.

He remembered greeting several people and that no one seemed to notice. He bore himself with great dignity, he recollected, and said very little. Then he remembered standing with her in the little palm-room. He could not even think of the gown she wore, but he remembered the great diamond star she wore in her hair.

What had he said? Of course he had made love to her. He always did make love to a pretty woman, but just what he had said—that was the question. It might all have been a dream were it not that he had in his pocket a long pink glove of hers. He meant to ask her if he might keep it

At first he had thought of sending her an apology with his roses instead of calling. Not that there was anything which he ought to apologize for, but girls liked that sort of thing, and it would give him time. Then he decided that that would be cowardly, so he called with the foxy determination to lead the conversation so that she would have to give him an idea as to what he had said.

SOCIETY NOVELS.

Miss T. became so angry that she stamped her two little feet.

WELL TRAINED.

SPANISH GENERAL (*to staff press-agent*)—"My boy, your account of that last battle was a corker. I couldn't have magnified our victory more successfully myself. Where did you gain your wonderful proficiency with figures?"

STAFF PRESS-AGENT (*modestly*)—"At one time I prepared the circulation statements of the New York *Daily Bladder*."

She came at last, with a swish of silk in the hall and a hand outstretched in the same cordial greeting he remembered, just as though nothing had happened. He looked at her closely, but she did not even blush. She smiled a little, as though she had not really expected him. He looked fixedly at her. Then she laughed.

He was astonished at her cleverness in laughing the matter off in that way, but he felt somewhat piqued at her light way of treating it. She evaded all his questions in this way, and when he tried to appear hurt and injured she laughed all the more.

He resolved on a dignified retreat. Then he remembered the glove. "At least you will let—me—keep—this?" he said; and he unrolled its pink and perfumed length before her.

She took up the other end of it gingerly; then she sniffed at it and let it drop suddenly. Then she looked him coldly in the eyes.

"Oh, I understand," she said. "This is Mrs. Dashington's glove. She probably lost it in the conservatory last night during the hour and a half you spent there."

Then he knew what had happened. He had called on the wrong girl!

KATE MASTERSON.

A TECHNICAL MISINTERPRETATION.

MRS. POKERTON (*in alarm*)—"This continuous work at the office late of nights, to make ends meet, is beginning to tell on John. There he goes again—worrying about his 'stack of blues.'"

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

THE maid of the princess de Chimay looked sympathetic as she prepared her mistress's coiffure.

"Mais, madame, elle appear si fatiguée thees eveneeng," she said.

The princess sighed. "I *am* tired," she murmured. "In the last fifteen minutes I have almost made up my mind not to elope with any one to-day."

AN AMBIGUOUS COMPLIMENT.

WHEN we'd have woman know
How we reckon her worth,
We frequently call her
The salt of the earth;
And there's reason for this:
Search the great book of life,
You will find it is written,
"Remember Lot's wife."

G. B.

UNPARDONABLE.

Marjorie—"She threatens to sue that paper for publishing the details of her divorce-suit."

Madge—"What part does she take exception to?"

Marjorie—"As soon as she knew they were going to print the story she sent them her photograph, and they left it out."

A POSSIBILITY.

We will not be surprised, on one of these busy days at the "Weinerstein" club, to find our favorite waiter utilizing that fierce mustache of his.

A LULLABY.

(In the original baby-talk.)

OTOTEEPINS, ittepecious,
Toseittie bighteyesup,
Mammatay wight inhere wizit,
Toveittie baregs up.

Dototeepins, dototeepins,
Dototeep myittieone,
Detepaddies down allwarmy,
Ittie pecious ittieone.

Dereseittie tootie tickin,
Detallcoly—putebat!
Dese mamma havetopute
Pecious ineittietat!

Dotebugger inenosy,
Matebaby tnuffletome,
Nevemindit, mamma detit.
Coochewoochee! outetome!

Ittieyes have donetodezzer,
Matechills up mamma tweep
Tosinko osingittieone—
Bessit, bessit! donetoteep.

DAVID H. TALMADGE.

PERFECTION STILL LACKING.

Gargoyle (at the theatre)—"This house has as fine a stage as ever I saw."

Gummey—"Still, there are flies on it."

THE POSTAGE-STAMP PEDDLER.

THE postmaster-general has authorized letter-carriers to supply themselves with postage-stamps for the convenience of the people along their routes. We may soon expect to hear the postman saying something like this to the ladies who go to the door in answer to his ring at the bell:

"Can't I show you my fine stock of postage-stamps this morning, lady? Here are some lovely two-centers in red, color warranted not to run. Only twenty-four cents a dozen, ma'am. For a quarter I will throw in a postal-card; very handy when you wish to send a short message and do not wish to go to the trouble of writing a formal letter. My two-cent stamps, ma'am, are warranted to carry a letter anywhere within the limits of the United States, providing it weighs no more than an ounce. For two-ounce letters I have some very stylish-looking four-cent stamps. They come in a rich seal-brown and bear a finely-executed steel engraving of Abraham Lincoln. For especially heavy letters, such as love-letters, the six-cent stamps, in a delicate shrimp-pink, cannot be excelled. They are worth all I ask for them, ma'am, and you need not hold off buying in the expectation of seeing a bargain-sale in stamps advertised, for the demand is such that it is not necessary to resort to such measures. Besides the regular letter-stamps which I have spoken of, there is a special-delivery stamp, which comes at ten cents, and which is a handy thing to have in the house, especially when you mail a letter on Saturday and it reaches the post-office of its destination on Sunday morning. Under ordinary circumstances it would wait until the Monday-morning delivery; but with one of my justly-celebrated specials on it the addressee would receive it as soon as a special messenger could carry it to him. The color is that substantial blue which pleases all who have tried it. It is somewhat darker than the blue on the one-cent stamp intended for newspapers and circulars. You might need a few one-cent stamps to-day. What! no one-cent stamps? Nor two-cent stamps, either? Very well, ma'am; no harm done. No trouble to show goods. I'll call again to-morrow. Perhaps you will need some stamps by that time. We strive to please. Good-morning, ma'am."

WILLIAM HENRY SIVITER.

SUBTERFUGE.

This is the cigarette-fiend that promised his parents that he would never allow another cigarette to touch his *lips*.

SELF-PRESERVATION.

GOODMAN—"Well, Pat, how are you getting along?"
PAT—"Oi hod a good day lasht Soonday, an' Oi made foive dollars."
GOODMAN—"What! you broke the sabbath?"
PAT (*apologetically*)—"Well, 'twas wan av us hod t' be broke, do yez moind?"

WHERE I COME IN.

LOVE ne'er hath so emboldened me
That I could gently touch her hair,
But with rough hands March brazenly
Takes liberties and license there
And makes incessantly to cheat
Love of his very own emprise,
When Bernice ventures on the street,
By throwing dust into her eyes.

From the blue pompon in her toque
Down to the hem of skirts perverse
These winds run riot and provoke
Me to green jealousy—and worse!
They fan her fair skin till it glows,
But I'm—with confidence I speak—
The peer of any wind that blows
At painting roses on her cheek.

EDWARD W. BARNARD.

"LOVE'S LABOR 'S LOST."

1. OLD NIG—"Shove de tukkey in de coop, chile!——

ABSENT.

"IS THE head barber in?"

"No, sir; he's gone out to get shaved."

2. ——Dar he are now, safe an' soun'."

USUALLY IT'S THAT KIND.

"I READ here in the paper that Hammers has retired temporarily from the stage to devote himself to literary work. What kind of writing does he do?"

"Epistolary prose. He spends his time writing applications for another engagement."

3 BOTH (*as turkey runs off with coop*)—"Wo'—whad—dat—air?"

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ZIM GRINDS OUT SOME ILLUSTRATIONS TO QU

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. Co. New York.

NS TO QUOTATIONS FROM POPULAR AUTHORS.

BRUDDER BONESHAKE CORRECTS A TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.

LOOK h'yah, Mistah Editor! I want yo' ter please correctify dat topographical error in my ought-ter-biography w'at yer printed. Yo' say dat in my early youf I considered de ministry as my calling, but guv it up on account of conscientious screwples. Shucks! dat ain't right. Hit was de minstrelsy, not de ministry, dat I decided not ter embrace, notwithstandin' my perfound reverence fur hit.

JACQUEMINOTS.

THE roses on her breast are Jacks,
The heart that beats beneath is mine.
My faith in her doth not relax
Because the roses all are Jacks,
Forsooth, in getting at the facts
You'll find a quip of her design—
She wears of roses none but Jacks,
But heart and roses both are mine.

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

HIS PROPER SPHERE.

JUDGE—"Where are you from?"
PRISONER—"Philadelphia, yer honer."
JUDGE—"Ten days—in the morgue."

CAUGHT IN THE BOOM.

"YES," he said as he cocked his feet up on the real-estate dealer's desk and puffed the real-estate dealer's cigar, "oh, yes; they told me they would let me in on the ground floor; and they did—ground that was sold to build a town on when it wouldn't raise pusley. They said if I would put my money in the lots of the new town they were about to build that I couldn't help making fifty thousand dollars. Just couldn't help it, they said, if I wanted to; bound to make fifty thousand in spite of all efforts to the contrary. I might try to avoid making it by running away, but that wouldn't do any good; any way I could fix it that fifty thousand would simply stick to my clothes and I couldn't run fast enough to shake it loose."

"You might have known they were deceiving you," remarked the real-estate dealer commiseratingly.

"But I didn't know it and I don't know it now," he contended.

"Well, by Jove! you must be rank stupid."

"No, I'm not. How should I know that fifty thousand dollars wouldn't stick to my clothes? How should I know that it didn't stick? By gravy! when I got out of the confounded thing they had my clothes too."

W. J. LAMPTON.

COULD, BUT WOULDN'T.

MRS. MISSUS—"Why, before I gave you your breakfast you alleged that you could mend chairs!"

BLINKY BENSONHURST—"True, madam; but havin' got de breakfust, I have not alleged dat I would, hev I?"

MUST BE SOME RELIEF.

THOUGH they say the lower region 's hot
Its terror somewhat fades;
For how can any place be so
Where there are many shades?

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Drummer—"How does it happen that the cost of sending a telegram from here to the city is forty cents, while the charge for sending a dispatch of the same length from the city here is only twenty-five cents?"

Squam Corners merchant—"Why, you see, it is mostly up hill from here to the city."

CORRECT.

Rural teacher—"What current event of great interest can you give me this morning?"

Small girl (eagerly)—"My ma has just made twenty tumblers of jell."

A CHINA ASTOR.

One of the 400 (000,000) of the celestial empire.

A DOG-SHOW ON THE INDIAN RESERVATION.

WHEN TEACHER GETS CROSS.

When the teacher gets cross and her brown
eyes gets black,
And her pencil comes down on the desk with a
whack,
We chilluns in class sits up straight in a line,
As if we had rulers instead of a spine.
It's scary to cough, and it's not safe to grin,
When the teacher gets cross and the dimples
goes in.

When the teacher gets cross the tables all mix,
And the ones and the sevens begin playing
tricks;
The pluses and minus is just little smears
Where cry-babies cry all their slates up with
tears.
The figures won't add, and they act up like sin,
When the teacher gets cross and the dimples
goes in.

When the teacher gets cross the readers gets
bad;
The lines jiggle round till the chilluns are sad.
And Billyboy puffs and gets red in the face,
As if he and the lessons were running a race.
Till she hollows out "Next!" as sharp as a
pin—
When the teacher gets cross and the dimples
goes in.

When the teacher gets good her smile is so
bright
The tables gets straight and the readers gets
right;
The pluses and minus come trooping along;
The figgers adds up and stops being wrong;
And we chilluns would like (but we dassent) to
shout
When the teacher gets good and the dimples
comes out.

—*Florence May Alt.*

The outcast—"Who art thou, fair daughter, clad so lightsomely these chilly days? And whither bound?" *The belated one*—"I'm the summer girl whom the wits exploit and am on my way to amuse the readers of the syndicate humorous columns. And who may'st thou be, with thy grim visage and beetling brow?" *The outcast*—"Me? Alas, poor me! I'm the campaign-lie-that-wasn't-nailed. I've been enjoying the fat of the land until quite recently; but now nobody has any use for me, and they don't even seem to care whether I die from exposure or not."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

The Reverend Sank Timonious—"Ah, Miss Epworth, you are working hard for the good cause this winter." *Miss Epworth League*—"Yes. I want to do a lot of work this winter, so that I can enjoy my holidays next summer." *The Reverend Sank Timonious*—"Ah, but, my dear young lady, Satan never takes a holiday, not even in summer, you know." *Miss Epworth League*—"I know; but then, Satan is used to the heat."—*Baltimore News.*

HIGH-CLASS TAILOR.
Hertel,
256-5th AVE. N.Y.
IMPORTER

Fokes let de debil put a burden on deir backs an' den complain kase de Lawd doan' help dem carry hit.—When a guest praises de hostess's cookin' de boy ob de fam'ly knows hit am time toe ask fo' de secon' piece ob pie.—Mos' fokes dat marry fo' money look in a few weeks as dough dey had earned hit, but were habin' sum trubble collectin' deir salary.—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat.*

HOTEL TRAYMORE,
Atlantic City, N. J. Appointments complete. Location unexcelled. D. S. White, jr., prop'r.

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani has paid a visit to Niagara, and while she admits that the falls are great she still holds that they don't compare with the one that happened in Hawaii when the props were drawn from beneath the monarchy.—*New York Mail and Express.*

As a specific against dyspepsia and other troubles of the stomach, also as an appetizer and for mixing in drinks, nothing superior to **BOKER'S BITTERS.**

"Look here!" said the irate departing guest from a Florida winter resort; "when I came here you told me that the charge would be three dollars a day. Now you present a bill of thirty-six dollars for six days. How do you figure that out?" "That is quite right," said the clerk. "The rate is three dollars per day and the same per night. You were here at night also, were you not?"—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

The "little things" of life in many ways add much to our comfort, convenience and happiness. Some inventive genius has brought out a clasp for ladies' and children's hose-supporters that is a case in point. He found the old metal clasps tore the stockings, slipped and unfastened, and by simply making a clasp with a soft or cushion button and smooth loop, he overcame the difficulties, and the result is the new "Velvet Grip" Hose Supporter. It is a sensible idea.

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EASTMAN KODAK CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

I gave her roses fair to mark
Our silly quarrel's close.
Alack! and shame! that you should be
So treacherous, oh, rose!
For later on I've found that she
Will quarrel for the sake
Of getting roses that I bring
My peace with her to make.

—*Chicago Journal.*

You know that Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters is the only genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous dealers who want to impose on you with spurious imitations.

Aunt Dorothy—"How many commandments are there, Johnny?" *Johnny* (glibly)—"Ten." *Aunt Dorothy*—"And now suppose you were to break one of them?" *Johnny* (tentatively)—"Then there'd be nine."—*London Spare Moments.*

Hearing a faint rustle in the darkened hallway below, the elder sister, supposing the young man had gone, leaned over the balustrade and called out, "Well, Bessie, have you landed him?" There was a deep, sepulchral silence for some moments; it was broken by the hesitating, constrained voice of the young man—"She has."—*Hartford Times.*

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Rye Whiskey.

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"Let me see some of your black kid gloves," said a lady to a clerk. "These are not the latest style, are they?" she asked when the gloves were produced. "Yes, madam," replied the clerk; "we have had them in stock only two days." "I didn't think they were, because the fashion-paper says black kids have tan stitches, and vice versa. I see the tan stitches, but not the vice versa." The clerk explained that vice versa was French for seven buttons, so she bought three pairs.—*Household Words.*

Forty years in the market, still booming with greater sales than ever—*Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.*

Husband—"What did you think when you heard the chandelier fall in the night?" *Wife*—"I thought that you had been detained on 'business' again and were getting up-stairs as quietly as you could."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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"What did you have to do at the civil-service examination?" "Well, we had to answer questions in chemistry, zoology, physiology, orthography, chirography and mathematics." "Mercy on us! And did you get the position?" "Oh, yes." "What was it?" "Scrub-woman."—*Washington Capital.*

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John James Ingalls, the iridescent, bobs up serenely as a candidate for the United States senate in 1900—evidently still of his own mind as to the iridescence of the ten commandments in politics, at least as to the "Thou shalt not covet."—*Albany Argus.*

A Virginia woman named Susan Smith has been elected sheriff. It is pretty safe to wager that when she issues an attachment she will get the man she goes after.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

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"Oh, that account? I had completely lost sight of it," said young Rapide nonchalantly. "No wonder," replied his tailor in a cold, dry voice. "It has been running a long time."—*Washington Capital.*

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One thing that the ordinary cook-book lacks is a recipe for serving hot, disjointed stove-pipe as it should be served.—*West Union (Iowa) Gazette.*

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MRS. TON—"You used to say I was the light of your life."
MR. TON—"Yes; and I suppose that's why you are so easily put out now we are married."—*Judy.*

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"I want to buy a make-up box," said the young married man. "A make-up box?" the confectioner echoed. "We don't keep theatrical supplies." "I mean a box of candy to take home to my wife. I promised to be home three hours ago."—*London Spare Moments.*

Jones—"What do you think of such a woman as Mrs. Havelock, who can't even go to church without carrying her little doggie with her?" *Brown*—"I think such a woman is married to the wrong man, that's all."—*Cleveland Leader.*

"What's that noise?" "That's my latest boy; just come to town." "What's he making all that noise for?" "Why, that's his inaugural bawl."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

LADY BINKS (*a devoted widow, earnestly*)—"Oh, Mr. Crichton, be careful how you marry! Sir Peter, who, as you know, rose to the highest positions, used frequently to say that more men owed their success to the beauty and social charm of their wives than to their own energy and talents."

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Medium Size.

This illustration shows one of the many ways in which different fabrics are combined. The long, tightly-fitting sleeve is of rich brocade, and the puff at the top is of plain satin, matching one of the colors in the brocade. Velvet is combined with plain and fancy cloths and satin, brocade or taffeta, with lace, chiffon and contrasting silks. The fitted part is often of plain silk or satin, and there is also a fancy for tucking this fitted part in groups of fine tucks running round the arm its whole length. The opening at the wrist is most becoming when filled in with frills of lace, plaited chiffon, or ribbon.

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Greatest Map of New York's Business Centre.

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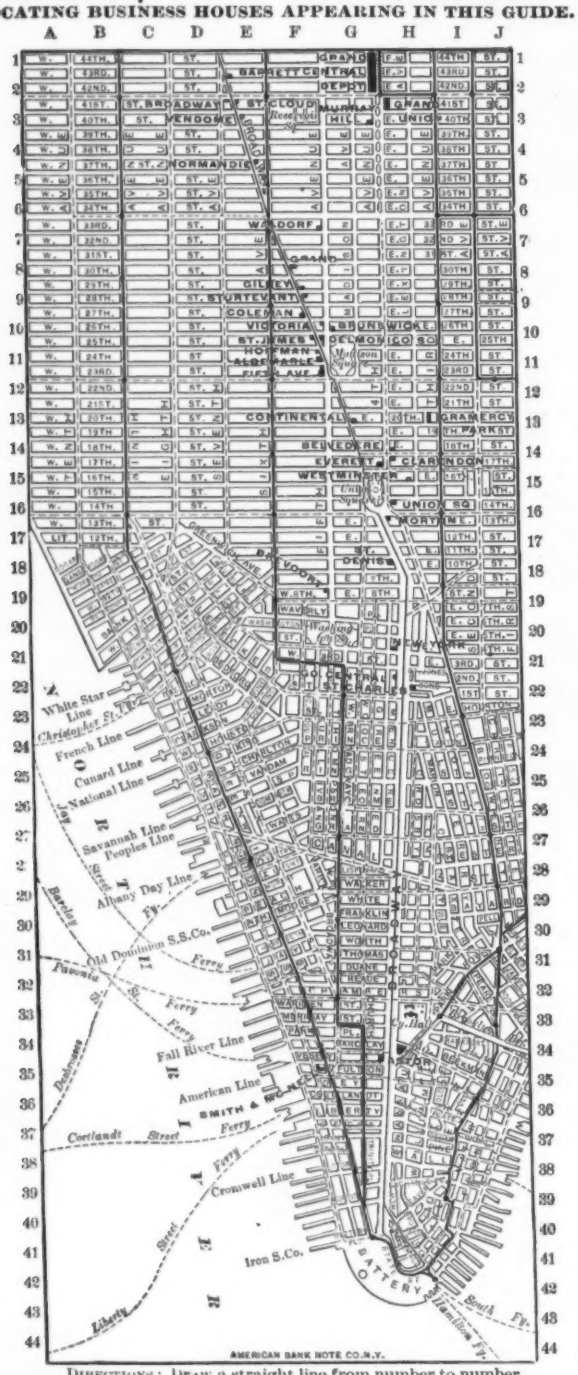

DIRECTIONS: Draw a straight line from number to number, and a perpendicular line from letter on top.

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.
ELIAS HYAMS,
28 West 3d Street.....F-21

ATHLETICS.—Physical Culture.
PROFESSOR ATTILA,
42 West 28th St.....F-9

BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM.
JUDGE,
110 Fifth Ave.....F 16

CARRIAGE BUILDERS.—Breaks, Tally-hos, Traps and Novelties.
R. M. STIVERS,
144-146-148-150 & 152 East 31st St..H-7

CASH REGISTER EXCHANGE.
F. BRAININ, Prop., 124 E. 14th St.,
opp. Academy of Music.....E-16

DRY GOODS.—Com. Merchants.
SMITH, HOGG & GARDNER,
115 & 117 Worth St.....F-30
LAWRENCE & CO.,
24 & 26 Thomas St..... G-30
WENDELL, FAY & CO.,
82 & 84 Worth St.....H-31
WHEELWRIGHT, ELDREDGE & CO.,
61 & 63 Worth St., cor. Church..G-30
GARNER & CO.,
2 to 16 Worth St. F-31

DRY GOODS.—Importers and Jobbers.
TEFFT, WELLER & CO.,
326-330 Broadway.....G-31

DUMB WAITERS and HAND ELEVATORS.
JAMES MURTAUGH (Est. 1855),
202-204 E. 42d St. Telephone....H-2

FINE TABLE PROVISIONS.
C. PERCEVAL,
100 6th Ave. Tel. 417 18th.....E-19

FINE BOOTS and SHOES.
A. J. CAMMEYER,
6th Ave., cor. 20th St.....E-13

FISHING TACKLE.
ABBEY & IMBRIE,
18 Vesey Street.....E-34

FRENCH RESTAURANTS.
J. PECK, 140 Fulton Street..... ....H-35
107 Nassau St., 29 Ann St. H-34
AU CHAT NOIR, ALBERT HESSE, Prop.
21 So. 5th Ave. E-20
BOEUF A LA MODE (the artists' headquarters), 112 W. 25th St....F-10

HARNESS MANUFACTURER.
CHARLES F. ASCHENBACH,
65 Murray St., cor. W. B'way...F-33

HOTELS.—Above 14th St.
PARK AVENUE HOTEL,
4th Ave. and 32d St. Tel. 1280-38..G-7

INSURANCE.—Life.
PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE,
Home Office, 29 Broadway.....

LAUNDERERS.
GARDNER & VAIL, 773 Broadway.
(Branches, 177 B'w'y-27 Liberty St.)E-1

MUSIC and REGINA MUSIC BOXES.
A. WOLFF, Lincoln Building,
14th St. and Union Sq., West....G-10

ORCHESTRIONS.
M. WELTE & SONS (Patentees Pneumatic System), 49 W. 30th St.....F-9

PRINTING INKS.
J. HARPER BONNELL COMPANY,
New York—Chicago.....

PURE MUSTARD AND LICORICE.
W. G. DEAN & SON,
361-3 Wash'n St., 88 N. Moore...D-29

RAILROAD COMPANIES.
N. Y., ONT. and WESTERN RY. CO.,
56 Beaver Street.....

SILK.—Manufacturers.
CHENEY BROTHERS,
477 Broome Street.....F-26

SUSPENDERS and NECKWEAR. Crown Make.
C. BLOOMBERG & CO.,
841 Broadway, cor. 13th St.....H-17

TRUST COMPANIES.
KNICKERBOCKER TRUST CO.,
234 Fifth Ave. and 66 Broadway.

Overcome by the antics of the comedian, the gentleman in the front row emitted cachinnations so violent that his wig dropped to the floor and he became the focus of a thousand eyes. His first thought was to assume a jaunty air. "I will laugh it off," he soliloquized. Then it occurred to him that that was just what he had done, and, arising hastily, he fled precipitately.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

He was about as black as the traditional ace of spades, and two dusky damsels, each of whom claimed the right to call him husband, sat bolt upright in the court-room and glared at the defendant. "Yo'r honah," said the prisoner, "I want toe apply fo' a change ob venus in dis case." "On what ground?" inquired the court. "I want a change ob venus," repeated the defendant, "bekase one ob dese women is prejudiced agin me"—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

"Zere ees one zing you mus' remembair," hissed the count as he faced his American wife. "Eef you apply for ze divorce you mus look to yourself for ze alimonee. Now you see what a meestake you made in not geeving me ze regulair allowance." And the scion of a dozen noble houses haughtily strode away.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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A ten-day stop-over at Washington, D. C., is now granted on all through tickets between the east and west via the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. Stop-over will also be granted on the return journey made on round-trip tickets within the final limit of such tickets, but not exceeding ten days. Passengers will deposit their tickets with the ticket-agent at the Baltimore and Ohio railroad station in Washington, who will retain them until the journey is to be resumed, when they will be made good for continuous passage to destination by extension or exchange. This arrangement will doubtless be greatly appreciated by the traveling public because it will permit the holders of through tickets to make a brief visit to the national capital without additional outlay for railroad fare.

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The prince in the fairy-tale proceeded with his glowing description of the home he had prepared for his bride. "A hundred witching odors," he exclaimed, "shall greet thy nostrils." "Can't you make it ninety-nine scents?" suddenly demanded the princess, who was inclined to be advanced a couple of centuries on such a matter, and whose every aspiration was harking forward to a more practical age.—*Detroit Journal.*

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"If you don't get out of here," said the bar-tender, who was somewhat given to circuitous statements, "it will become my painful duty to soak you in the neck." "Might I inquire," responded the gentleman who had stood against the stove for two hours; "might I inquire if this is to be an external or internal treatment?"—*Indianapolis Journal.*

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